

LIKES THE LETTERS.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to the Children's Corner. I like to read the letters in the Corner. Papa has taken the FARMER'S ADVOCATE since February 1st. We are living on a farm by Red Deer Lake. I have two sisters and one brother. We have one hundred and seventy-six chickens, thirty-four ducks, and seven horses. We milk six cows and we have six pigs. Now I must close for this time, hoping to see my letter in print.

(Age 11 yrs.)

LAURA PIERSON.

LEARNING TO MILK.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I live on a farm four miles from Oakland. We have nine horses, two drivers and four colts. The names of the drivers are Polly and Tommy. The names of the horses are Dick, Charlie and Prince, Bonny and Fan, Jake and Kate, Nell, Billy. The name of the colts are Dandy, Daisy, Maud, Jessie. We have nine pigs and four milking cows. We have a separator. Sometimes I go out and try to milk a cow, I am just learning. My father takes the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.



I'LL SHARE WITH YOU.

FOR TWENTY YEARS.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—This is my first letter to the Children's Corner. My father has taken the FARMER'S ADVOCATE for twenty years. I have two sisters and one brother. My brother is not two years old yet. My sisters and I drive four miles to school. I am reading in the fourth reader. We have nine horses and two colts. One colt is a Hackney and it took a prize at the agricultural show. We have twin calves.

(Age 8 yrs.)

ANNA MARLIN.

MUSKRATS GETTING BOLD.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I have read the Children's Corner for a long time, and I have at last thought I would become one of the members of the C. C. I agree with some of the boys and girls that I would like to see your picture in the C. C. We live on a farm a mile and a half from Thornhill. I go to school at Thornhill and am in the fourth book. We have twelve horses and eighteen cows. We raised over seventy ducks this year but a lot died. We have two dogs, their names are Hector and Jim. We live on the bank of a creek and the muskrats are very plentiful. But the creek has no water in it now, and they come up to the stables to drink out of the water-trough and eat the grain that is thrown out to the chickens. The muskrats are very tame. I am a lover of birds and think it wrong for boys or girls to rob the birds' nests or kill the birds. I hope there are a great many that do not kill the birds for we have so few in Canada. Don't you think, Cousin Dorothy, that it is very wrong to kill the birds?

EVA SWEET.

cate. The names of our cows are Spot, Buttercup, Bess, Meadow. One of our cows died this summer. She got down in the stable and couldn't get up. They pulled her out of the stable. She got a little better, but at night she was dead. We missed her very much. She was the best cow we had.

I go to school with a brother and sister. We go to West Oakland, a mile and three quarters away. I am in grade three in the second book. I am in the first speller, second year. I have three sisters and one brother. I have a little sister born on my birthday. She is three and I am nine. She has a little kitty.

EDNA ROBINSON.

THE LAND FOR ME.

Manitoba's the land for me
Where prairies bloom so free
And wheat fields thrive,
Where men are all the same,
Own the land they do claim,
And reap in the golden grain—
Tis the land for me!

You can boast of your cities big,
Also your factories
And temples grand;
But give me the prairie free
Where all is liberty,
Where health and wealth you see—
Tis the land for me.

What's a more striking sight
Than golden grain so bright
For miles around.
It makes my heart feel glad
To till this virgin sod,
And reap the riches from
Our land so dear.

Thy winters too, I love,
Thy frost and snow-clad hills,
And ringing bells.
We do not envy one,
But ask you all to come
And with us make a home
In our fair land.

Tyrants we'll not allow
In our dear land to dwell,
We shun such ones.
With our dear Union Jack
We'll drive such traitors back,
For 'tis not pluck we lack—
God bless our soil.

We came of sturdy stock,
And for our happy lot
Thank God our King;
With His all-seeing eye
We fear no enemy—
Protect us night and day;
God bless our land.
(Age 13 yrs.) M. R. J. CLIFFORD.

A BOSTON LULLABY.

Baby's brain is tried of thinking
On the Wherefore and the Whence;
Baby's precious eyes are blinking
With incipient somnolence.

Little hands are weary turning
Heavy leaves of lexicon;
Little nose is fretted learning
How to keep its glasses on.

Baby knows the laws of nature
Are beneficent and wise;
His medulla oblongata
Bids my darling close his eyes.

And his pneumogastrics tell him
Quietude is always best
When his little cerebellum
Needs recuperative rest.

Baby must have relaxation,
Let the world go wrong or right.
Sleep, my darling—leave Creation
To its chances for the night.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

THE BOYS' BAND AT CARDSTON.

EDITOR FARMER'S ADVOCATE:

I notice in the FARMER'S ADVOCATE of July 25th, in the Home Journal department, an article entitled "The Boy—Bless Him," which speaks of the Cardston Boys' Brass Band. For the encouragement of other boys I thought I would give you a brief history of the said band. They started their organization in November, 1905, with thirty members, only one of whom, with the exception of the leader, could read music, and this one could not play any instrument. They worked for three months without instruments, studying the rudiments of musical theory, and at the end of five months they took part in a band contest at Macleod against bands that had been organized for six or eight years, and carried off the first prize. They played in another contest in September at the Cardston Fair and won first prize again. Now what this band has done others can do if they try just as hard as these boys have. It is a great improvement to a town to have a band or two in it.

The same man, Mr. S. S. Newton,

who trains the Boys' Band has started a juvenile choir of boys and girls from ten to sixteen years of age. He has about sixty-five at present and wants one hundred. He is training them in the Sunday School and then expects to use them in the regular church services. Such men as Mr. Newton are a blessing in any community, and they should be supported and encouraged by the people among whom they reside. I hope this will encourage other men of ability to gather up the boys and train them to be useful as well as entertaining in the communities in which they live.

HAY SEED.

MISTAKEN IN THE ENTRY.

Easyun (at the race track)—Say, that was a nice steer you gave me. You said Stickfoot would win in a walk. LeTout—An' it's er fact; but de fool owner made de mistake uv enterin' him in a runnin' race. See?—Chicago News.

INCLUDED THE SAUSAGES.

For three years Carl Huber of Munich was engaged to Fraulein Grete Christ. Not only did he give her jewelry, but he feasted her nearly every evening. But another young admirer came and, with hardly a word of explanation, Fraulein Grete broke her engagement with Huber. The discarded lover sought balm in the law. The German code does not recognize damages for breach of promise, but the jilted person can claim all presents. Huber put in a bill of particulars, including not only rings, brooches, bracelets, stickpins, hatpins, and other things, but added several thousand glasses of beer and links of sausage. Much to Fraulein Grete's chagrin her jilted lover won his case. She had to return a lot of assorted jewelry and give him \$100 in cash to settle for the beer and sausages.

An aged Scotch minister, about to marry for the fourth time, was explaining his reason to an elder. "You see, I am an old man now, and I canna expect to be here verra lang. When the end comes I wad like to hae someone to close my eyes." The elder nodded, and said, "Aweel, meenister, I hae had two wives, and baith of them opened mine!"

"You say that you get 250 marks a month? I can't believe it; tell me how?" "I get 110 marks salary. Then I don't pay my rent, 40 marks, that's 150 marks, I owe the milkman 30 marks, that's 180 marks; my butcher 40 marks, 220 marks; and every month I raise 30 marks out of my friends, makes an income of 250 marks a month!"—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

Tenerelli met on the street a poor fellow who asked for charity. "He was a perfect spectre of hunger," said Tenerelli, "only to look at him made my stomach feel empty."

"What did you do?" asked a friend. "I went and dined at once."—*Il Mondo Umoristico*.

Life is the only thing worth living.



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